MY ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK

Sunday, October 24

Keep the windows of your soul open to a full view of the spiritual realities of life.

Monday, October 26

Wednesday, October 27

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

MY SERMON NOTES

Barns That Stand In the Way.

INTRO. The reading of the parable which constituted a part of the scripture lesson suggested a line of thot that I wish to present. Yet it is not an interpretation of the parable. Last Sunday I noticed so many young people and children at the morning service and I made up my mind to talk to them primarily this a.m.

The picture of barns in the parable made me recall a group of them which I saw in Colorado, standing in front of the farm house. The house overlooked a broad valley eastward, at the other side of which was a range of mountains. Traveling that way I had been attracted by any unusually beautiful sun rise. But while asking the farmer the direction I should take I noticed that the barns in front of the house completely shut off the beautiful sunrise view. There stood the living room, dining-room, veranda, kitchen all facing the sunrise valley, which could not be seen because of the barns immediately in front of the house. I asked the farmer how long the house and barns had been built and learned that they had stood for over fifty years and that two generations had lived there.

The farmer invited my in and I met the family. They seemed to be intelligent farm folk with an average good education. I asked them if they had noticed the wonderful sunrise that morning but they had not-their barns had stood in the way. I asked them if it ever occurred to them that they and their two generations had missed a great deal of beauty

because of their ugly barns in front of their house. It had never occurred to them. Nor did they regret it apparently, for their house was a good one and their barns served the purpose of caring for the cattle and sheep.

The rich man of the parable built his barns so that his view of God was completely hidden. And so reflecting upon these matters I decided to talk to you a little while about barns that stand in the way of our vision, that hide from us the ideals, the aspirations, the soul ambitions of life.

I. When we lose the power of imagination we grow old and die.

1. Children have strong imaginations. It is eas easy for them to believe in Santa Claus, to live in fairyland, to create horses out of broomhandles, babies out of dolls, fairies out of trees. This realm of the unseen is the natural abode of children where they spend most of their time. It is the place where we all ought to live more than we do as we grow older.

"Oh, Fairyland is not so far, with all
the world to roam,
And Fairyland is very near, for trails
may end at home,
And every heart with seeing eyes may
read the signs and know
That there are roads to Fairyland wherever-
every they may go."

2. Life is a place of wonder and magic. It is a place of visions and mysteries. Here we may create and enjoy to our hearts content.

Thomas Graham, in his book, "The Golden Age" illustrates what I am trying to say in his account of Harold in a pig-trough pictur-

ing himself as Jason in the good ship Argo, in search of the Golden Fleece:

"As we reached the tool shed, strange noises arrested our steps; looking in, we perceived Harold alone, rapt, absorbed, immersed in the special game of the moment. He was squatting in an old pig-trough that had been brot in to be tinkered, and as he rhapsodied, anon he waved a shovel ober his h head, anon he dug it into the ground with the action of those who would urge Canadian canoes. Edward strode in upon him. "What are you playing at now?" he demanded sternly. Harold flushed up but stuck to his pig-trough like a man. "I'm Jason".he replied, defiantly, 'and this is the Argo. The other fellows are here too, only you can't see them; and we're just going thru the Hellespont, so don't you come bothering'. And once more he plied the wise dark sea.

Edward kicked the pig trough contemptuously, "Pretty sort of Argo you've got!" said he.

Harold began to get annoyed. "I can't help it", he said, "Its the best sort of Argo I can manage, and its alright if you only pretend enough, but you never could pretend one bit".

It is the boy who can pretend that gets the most out of life. He lives and revels in his own creations.

Listen to Lobgfellow in "The Castle Builders"

"A gentle boy with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy with brown and tender eyes,
A castle builder with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

"A fearless rider on his father's knee,

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An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the Nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

"There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

Imagination is one of the most wonderful gifts that God has given to us.

When the Master came to earth to show us t the way to God he came as a little child. He, too, lived in Fairyland. As we follow him thru his earthly career we find that he never left his Fairyland. We find him glorifying the most common tasks, changing water into wine, giving sight to the blind, causing the deaf to hear, making the lame to walk, curing the sick, cleansing the lepers, multiplying the loaves and the fishes and feeding the hungry multitude, walking on the sea and quieting the storm, taking very ordinary men and women and making them a power, cleansing people from their sins, and restoring them to their Fairylands, raising the dead to life, robbing the grave of its terror by coming forth gloriously after they had crucified and buried him. Thus he presented us with the greatest assurance of immortality, the proof of the Unseen-of Life beyond the grave.

Christ is the King of Fairyland. He is the Ruler of Infinite Space. His name is Wonderful

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Mighty Counseller, Prince of Peace. "In Him was Life and the Life is the Light of men." Because He lives we shall live also.

Except we become as little children we shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

As we grow older the kingdom of heaven should draw nearer to us. Instead of finding it afar or near at hand, we should find it within ourselves. "Know ye not that the kingdom of heaven is within you?"

Growing up together is the great thing to be done. Growing up together in understanding in love, in faith, in knowledge; playing together, working together, imagining together.

Have you lost your power to imagine?

II. Back to our barns. I asked the family, consisting of mother and father, three sons and two daughters, to step out of of their house for a moment and I led them to one side of the barns, on to a sentle rise of ground. Then I asked them to drink in the beauty of the dawning day. They wer were very appreciative of its beauty and then I daringly told them that if I owned the place I would set the house where they were standing so all eyes from the kitchen, dining room, living room and veranda could always see the wonderful beauty which God had spread out before them. They thanked me warmly and I left them talking among themselves as to what it would cost and how it could be done.

And isn't that just what we Xns are here for, to show people the way into the truth and beauty and grandeur of life as it is revealed to us in Jesus Christ? "Show us the way and it suffi ceth us".

Instead of building bigger barns than this God grant we may, that our imaginations, our finer and higher sensibilities & emotions are unlocked, let